THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 8, 1806.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE following is a remarkable instance of the fallaciousness of circumstantial evidence, though of the strongest nature:

" Extraordinary case of Jonathan Bradford, who was executed at Oxford, for the murder of Christopher Hayes, Esq. in the year 1736.

" Jonathan Bradford kept an inn in Oxfordshire, on the London road to Oxford; he bore an unexceptionable character. Mr. Hayes, a gentleman of fortune, being on his way to Oxford, on a visit to a relation, put up at Bradford's. He there joined company with two gentlemen, with whom he supped, and, in conversation, unguardedly mentioned that he had then about him a large sum of money. In due time, they retired to their respective chambers; the gentlemen to a two-bedded room; leaving, as is customary with many, a candle burning in the chimney-corner. Some hours after they were in bed, one of the gentlemen being awake, thought he heard a deep groan in the adjoining chamber; and this being repeated, he softly awaked his friend. They listened together, and the groans increasing, as of one dying, they both instantly arose, and proceeded silently to the door of the next chamber, from whence they heard the groans; and, the door being a-jar, saw a light in the room; they entered, but it is impossible to paint their consternation, on perceiving a person weltering in his blood in the bed, and a man standing over him with a dark lanthorn in one hand, and a knife in the other. The man seemed as petrified as themselves, but his terror carried with it all the terror of guilt! The gentlemen soon discovered it was

the stranger with whom they had that night supped, and that the man who was standing over him was their host. They seized Bradford directly, disarmed him of his knife, and charged him with being the murderer; he assumed, by this time, the air of innocence, positively denied the crime, and asserted that he came there with the same humane intention as themselves; for that, hearing a noise, which was succeeded by a groaning, he got out of bed, struck a light, armed himself with a knife for his defence, and was but that minute entered the room before them. These assertions were of little avail; he was kept in close custody 'till the morning, and then taken before a neighbouring justice of the peace. Bradford still denied the murder, but, nevertheless, with such an apparent indication of guilt, that the justice hesitated not to make use of this extraordinary expression, on writing out his mittimus: 'Mr. Bradford, either you or myself committed this murder.'

"This extraordinary affair was the conversation of the whole county. Bradford was tried and condemned over and over again in every company. In the midst of all this pre-determination came on the assizes at Oxford; Bradford was brought to trial; he pleaded Not Guilty. Nothing could be more strong than the evidence of the two gentlemen; they testified to the finding Mr. Hayes murdered in his bed; Bradford at the side of the body with a light and a knife; that knife and the hand which held it bloody: that, on their entering the room, he betrayed all the signs of a guilty man; and that a few moments preceding, they had heard the groans of the deceased.

"Bradford's defence on the trial was the same as before the gentlemen: he had heard a noise; he suspected some villainous transaction; he struck a light—he snatched a knife (the only weapon near him) to defend himself; and the terrors he discovered were merely the terrors of humanity, the natural effects of innocence, as well as guilt, on beholding such a horrid scene! This defence, however, could be considered but as weak, contrasted with the several powerful circumstances against him. Never was circumstantial evidence more strong! There was little need of comment from the judge, in summing up the evidence. No room appeared for extenuation, and the jury brought in the prisoner Guilty, without going out of the box.

"Bradford was executed shortly after, still declaring he was not the murderer, nor privy to the murder of Mr. Hayes; but he died disbelieved by all. Yet were these assertions not untrue! The murder was actually committed by Mr. Hayes's footman; who immediately on stabbing his master, rifled his breeches of his money, gold watch, and snuff-box, and escaped

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to his own room, which could have been, from the after circumstances, scarcely two seconds before Bradford's entering the unfortunate gentleman's chamber. The world owes this knowledge to a remorse of conscience in the footman (eighteen months after the execution of Bradford), on a bed of sickness; it was a death-bed repentance, and by that death the law lost its victim.

"It is much to be wished, that this account could close here; but it cannot! Bradford, though innocent, and not privy to the murder, was nevertheless the murderer in design. He had heard, as well as the footman, what Mr. Hayes had declared at supper, as to his having a large sum of money about him, and he went to the chamber with the same diabolical intention as the servant. He was struck with amazement?—He could not believe his senses!—and in turning back the bed-clothes, to assure himself of the fact, he, in his agitation, dropped his knife on the bleeding body, by which both his hand and his knife became bloody. These circumstances Bradford acknowledged to the clergyman who attended him after his sentence."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

THE following is a genuine anecdote of the late Matthew Horsley, the noted fox-hunter.

When servant to Mr. C——, a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Scarborough, Matt was in the habit of having to attend upon a certain parson, an occasional visitor at his master's, and who, rather more through penuriousness than poverty, generally paid his vails with "Good-night, Matthew." This, it is reasonable to suppose, did not settle well upon Matt's stomach; for at that time, no doubt, he could spend a little more than his wages, and of course had no objection to an easy got shilling.

Though it could never be said of Matt, that he harboured in his bosom the baser passions of revenge, yet he liked with all his heart a smart retort for the sake of fun; and it was not long before accident, or rather the parson's frugality, gave him opportunity of full gratification. It happened that the parson, by appointment, was to make a journey with Mr. C——, and that he might be ready to start with his company, or rather perhaps to save his supper at home, came over night. The morning proved rainy, with strong indications of continued wet, and the parson had unfortunately brought his better hat, which had cost him a serious sum, and which he well knew the rain would totally spoil. This circumstance gave him much serious alarm, and probably would have disappointed him of the

pleasures of the day, had not his inventive powers, which were always wonderfully ready and happy in his own behalf, hinted the expedient of borrowing Matt's, and of leaving his own in safe coverture behind.

The boon was as readily granted as asked; and Mr. C—— and the parson commenced the journey, followed by Matt, dressed in the parson's new hat, disfigured by having the brim slouched about his ears. The object of the journey being accomplished, the travellers returned dropping wet, having rode through a heavy and continual rain. On the following morning, the parson being about to return home, inquired for his hat, which was produced quite drenched with wet; and though partly frantic through the sudden impulse of anger, he still had presence of mind to call for Matt, and inquire the cause which involved this ruin, and received for answer—uttered with that ready composure which Matt never wanted—" Wya, Sur, you gat mane; and you sartantly didn't think I was sike a feal as to follow you i't rain barehead."

A Sketch of the Life of Mr. John Huddlestone Wynne.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

SOME authentic particulars of my father's life I have here educed; but with extreme regret I have to observe, their complexion is such, that, though they may tend to inform, they are not likely to amuse; for indeed the most accurate detail of Mr. Wynne's life would be little more than a summary of misfortunes from his birth to his death. By some it will be imagined a part of the following account should have been omitted, namely, the unhappy differences between my parents which occasioned their separation; but as this is, perhaps, the only reason to be assigned for the indigent state in which they were involved, I have therefore mentioned it. For myself, I have ever to lament that such disputes occurred, as from this source I account for my having been, at their death, turned adrift on the world, without a profession, uneducated, destitute, and friendless. It would, however, be wronging the memory of my deceased father to omit mentioning, that it is perhaps chiefly owing to the sound principles of morality imbibed during the short intervals I had of listening to his admonitions, that I have been enabled to steer through life, and to avoid those temptations to vice by which so many, similarly situated, have fallen victims. Having thus far premised, I proceed to give

give the best account I am at present enabled to furnish of the life of my deceased father.

I am, Sir, &c.
CHARLES EDWARD WYNNE.

June 20, 1806.

EDWARD WYNNE, Richard Wynne, and Thomas Wynne, were sons of a gentleman of Welsh extraction, who gave them respectively a liberal education. Edward enjoyed a situation under government, and resided on a small estate in Southampton. Richard had a classical education, obtained the degree of master of arts, became afterwards chaplain to the earl of Dunmore, and rector of St. Alphage, London; was author of an universal grammar of the learned languages, letters on education, and several other productions. And Thomas held a situation in the office of the Duke of Bedford. Edward was considered handsome, and had a good address. He married thrice, and had portions with all his wives. By the first of these ladies he had one son only, who was christened John Huddlestone, the subject of the present memoir.—Mr. John Huddlestone Wynne, a character pretty generally known in the literary world, was born in the year 1743, and flourished between the years 1760 and 1786.

Being an only child, his mother was particularly solicitous for his safety; and as it generally happens that the impressions received in childhood are retained, and pervade our ideas the rest of our lives, so it happened with the subject of the present essay, who imbibed some eccentricities from his too-indulgent mother, of which he never afterwards became entirely divested. Her anxiety for his health and preservation kept her in a perpetual state of alarm. He was encompassed with flannels winter and summer, and bled and physicked for the most trifling indisposition. And calling him to her bed-side, when on the point of death, she made him solemnly promise that he would attend her injunctions, which, among several others, were, to shun horses, never to go in a boat, or enter a belfry. Had not these cautions been too much heeded, and occasioned a peculiarity of manner in his conduct which seemed unaccountable, these circumstances would not have been noticed. But though the care and attention he experienced from his mother during her life-time plainly indicated he was a great favourite with her, yet it seems he was in no high estimation with his father, and other of his relations, who, as appears by their conduct to him, rather envied or strove to suppress his dawning genius, than used any endeavour to foster it.

Taught by his father early to contemn mechanical employments, and expecting he should be bred to some liberal profession, he was much disappointed by being, contrary to his expectations,

pectations, prematurely apprenticed, at the age of thirteen, as compositor to a letter-press printer. His education was by no means finished: he had been initiated in Latin at St. Paul's school: the progress he afterwards made in classical knowledge must have been attained during his leisure hours, when the business of the day was over, undirected by any, and the sole result of his own exertions. Very early in life, he evinced his poetical talent, having, when scarcely eight years of age, written a poem, which he afterwards declared would not have disgraced his riper years. During his apprenticeship he sent many of his effusions to different periodical publications, where they obtained a ready assertion, and were generally approved by those who read them. Shortly after completing his term, not chusing to follow the business of a printer, he obtained a lieutenancy in the East-India service, whither he went; but, on account of some unhappy controversy with a superior officer, and from a disgust he had taken to some unfair proceedings in that hemisphere, he in less than two years from his departure returned to England, and being received coldly by his relations, who were not pleased at his quick return, he resolved on the expedient of trying his success as an author. He got accordingly introduced to several booksellers of that day, among whom were Kearsley, Riley, Bell, Evans, and Wilkie, who gladly availed themselves of his literary talents. Mr. Wheble engaged him to conduct his Lady's Magazine, for which he received a regular monthly stipend; nor had he any reason to complain of their liberality for his labours, as it is certain several of these gentlemen were great friends to him in future life. Many of Mr. Wynne's poetical productions are to be found in a publication entitled The British Magazine and Review. Some of these appeared in his own name, others under the fictitious signature of "George Osborne, esq." Mr. Wynne also wrote the History of England in Verse, which has not yet appeared in print.

Though Mr. Wynne excelled as a poet, his prose productions are likewise numerous. It was by the advice of Dr. Goldsmith, who was his contemporary, that he first begun the History of Ireland, which he afterwards dedicated to the duke of Northumberland. The doctor jocosely observed, "that it would be better to relinquish the draggle-tail muses; as for his part, he found productions in prose were more sought after and better paid for." Mr. Wynne's reputation as a writer soon became established; and had his economy kept pace with his success, it is certain he might have passed through life, if not in affluence, at least above indigence. But want of economy was his prevailing fault. Possessing a sanguine imagination, and having the highest sense of honour and rectitude himself, he was easily imposed upon and while he had money he consi-

sidered but little the value of it; yet wanting it, perhaps none suffered more from the poignancy of poverty than he did. His acquaintances knowing his failings, took advantage of his unsuspecting benevolent disposition, by soliciting him to become surety for a person of the name of Stevenson, which he did, for goods to a considerable amount, which were to be disposed of in India, whence Stevenson was to remit the value at a stated period; but through change of climate, and inebriety, Stevenson died, no remittances came from India, and his security unable to pay the demand, was forced to prison, where he remained in great distress for a considerable time, until, by the assistance of his uncle Edward, the debt was paid, and he obtained his discharge.

In the beginning of the year 1770 he married the daughter of an eminent mason of Lambeth, who had at his death bequeathed a thousand pounds to each of his daughters; but the brother, being principal executor to the will of his father, applied his sisters' fortune to his own use in trade, and, through his ill success, not a guinea of Mrs. Wynne's portion was ever paid. This lady, however, had received a good education, possessed an agreeable person, and was not more than seventeen when she was married. She was accomplished, and had an excellent understanding, which became afterwards materially improved by her connection. Before she was eighteen the fruit of their union was the writer of this memoir.

From the great number of acquaintances Mr. Wynne at this time had, some of whom were persons of wit and erudition, it was almost impossible for a man of his ardent imagination to avoid on every occasion sacrificing too freely at the shrine of Bacchus; and it frequently happened that it was one or two o'clock in the morning when he returned home. This occasioned an unquiet house; and his bride being very abstemious herself, often admonished him in strong terms on the impropriety of his conduct; but, notwithstanding such remonstrances, he was too frequently led to err in the same way; and though gentle means would probably have brought him to reform, harsh treatment had a contrary effect. Had his wife's good sense led her to adopt those endearing methods of persuasion which some few women of discernment know how to employ with such great effect, she would have ultimately succeeded; but alas! in this respect she only copied the generality of her sex. Repeated brawls at home not suiting her husband's irritable disposition, and tending to disturb his studies, constrained him at length to seek an asylum elsewhere, so that the remainder of his life was passed more like a single than a married man. Nor can it occasion much surprize that a man of literary pursuits should, under such circumstances, abandon his home, especially when it is so well known that a Xantippe

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was never a friend to the students in philosophy, or the suitors of the muses. Hence he was perhaps induced to deviate from the straight path, by preferring the smiling gaiety of some buxom dame (mistress perhaps of a tavern,) to the more praiseworthy intercourse of lawful connubial love. These frequent separations from his family renders it impossible for any biographer to furnish a complete history of his life. Mr. Wynne was editor of the Gazetteer a considerable time, and was a well known speaker at the Robin Hood and Coachmakers Hall debating societies; but being unhappily a staunch supporter of an administration whose measures were extremely unpopular, he got little good by his political speculations. In those days such topics were freely discussed, and often agitated with much warmth. Mr. Wynne in this respect acted the part of a champion, and undertook to defend the ministry in their war with America, and other ruinous measures. This was done in the most disinterested and ingenuous manner possible, as he acted purely from the dictates of his own opinion. On his return from these heated debates, way-laid by some of the opposite party, many an unmerciful drubbing has he suffered, and once was so cruelly beaten that his life was endangered. It was in one of these rencounters that the lachrymal vessels of his right eye became contused, and occasioned him to undergo at times the most excruciating agonies, to alleviate which he frequently had recourse to large doses of opium.

But the most fatal accident happened at the time he was in the zenith of his fame, about the year 1778, when crossing Snow-hill on a dark night, he was run over by a hackney-coach, and his leg broken in three places. Surgeon Young reduced the fracture as well as he could, being loth to amputate the limb; but, owing to the terrible manner in which it was shattered, sixteen weeks elapsed ere it was judged proper to shift the leg from the cradle that encompassed it. The limb, from remaining so long in one posture, became constricted, and an instrument was obliged to be had to enable him to walk, and by degrees to reduce the contraction of the sinews, which in time it nearly effected. It was during this confinement (although obliged to remain nearly in a horizontal position,) that he wrote the Elegy on the Death of Garrick, published by Mr. Harrison. This accident was severely felt by his family, and occasioned himself much pain and anxiety. After writing many volumes, of which the writer of this article can give no satisfactory account, an asthmatic complaint, with which he had long been afflicted, occasioned his death, November 17, 1788, in the 45th year of his age. His wife survived him but a few days, leaving three children totally unprovided for, the eldest of whom alone survives, and has now a wife and six children of his own.

Mr. Thomas Wynne died at an advanced age. The Rev. Richard Wynne lived till the year 1793, being more than eighty years of age when he died. The whole of his fortune he left to an only daughter.

Mr. John Huddlestone Wynne was below the middle size, (about five feet four inches in height,) of a clear complexion, dark hair, a sanguine temperament, irritable and nervous. Previous to his lameness, though he always took short steps, yet he walked remarkably fast. In his youth he acquired a bad habit of stooping, which his subsequent infirmities tended to increase. His eyes were piercing; his brow remarkably fine, and had the appearance of being pencilled; his nose aquiline, which, as Lavater well observes, always indicates a good arrangement of features. He certainly had many peculiarities, was very absent and negligent in his external appearance, and the dress worn when himself a youth he seemed always to prefer, and would probably have done the same had he lived in affluence.

He spoke and read with wonderful facility, yet with accuracy and taste. When speaking in public, which he was much in the habit of, his delivery was flowing, animated, and eloquent, and almost forced conviction on his hearers. His reading must have been multifarious, and his memory very retentive, for, without the advantages of a classical education, or being taught any language than the Latin, he nevertheless by his own exertions attained a perfect knowledge of the French, and a cursory one of the Greek and Hebrew. Nor was he ignorant of the elements of physic, astronomy, mathematics, and navigation, and in theological and philosophical subjects in general he stood high in repute. But his chief delight was poetry; and to his friends it is well known that he has sometimes composed a poem with as much facility as a merchant would write a letter on the ordinary concerns of business; so that many of his productions may be considered as mere extempore effusions. Yet with these uncommon abilities he was modest and diffident; and far better would it have been for himself and his family had he duly appreciated his own merit, been less prodigal and abstracted in his ideas, and made men and manners more his study.

FASHIONS *for* SEPTEMBER.

ON this subject, we can give our fair readers but very little information; and that little, we fear, will not have even novelty to recommend it. For full dress, white satin Spanish hats, with ostrich feathers, are still worn; silver Chambray turbans, full round the face, but exposing the hind part of the

head, which is adorned with handsome combs, of various kinds; the hair banded, and bunches of small flowers of any colour, in front, with a large veil thrown over the head, covering the neck and shoulders, is considered a very fashionable and becoming head-dress. A bandeau of pearls, close to the forehead, with an ostrich feather, fastened on the right side, and drooping to the left, is also much worn. Half and undress silk caps, of every description, and chip hats, plain or ornamented with feathers or flowers. Straw hats, for open carriages and walking in the country. Scarfs and mantles; the mantles are made more of silk than last month.

Dresses of opera sarsnets, with patent long sleeves, are extremely elegant. Muslin of every kind. White satins will be considered elegant and proper for this month. White morning dresses, embroidered round the bottom with white or colours. Many are worn handsomely tucked with narrow trimmings at each edge, about half an inch wide; the fluted trimmings are still worn. The choice of colours is more the effect of taste and fancy, than fashion. Nankeen shoes, for undress, and white kid for dress. There is nothing new in the shape of gowns.

HYDRO-MANIA.

To the PRINTER,

SIR, Sidmouth, July 20.

BY the inoculation with the matter of the cow-pock, it seems probable that one of the most terrible of our epidemical distempers, of a merely physical character, may be entirely extirpated. I wish some similar remedy could be found for a distemper partly physical, and in part moral, which turns this, and a number of other towns in England, every summer into so many hospitals, with the peculiar disadvantage, that scarce ever a patient goes away from any of them entirely cured.

The distemper I mean, may be named the *hydro-mania*. It differs from the *hydro-phobia*, particularly in having its origin with the human race, as that originates with the canine species. It infests chiefly the inhabitants of the metropolis, and other great towns. Yet it is not confined to these exclusively. The infection spreads likewise over the country, and is felt in the village and in the hamlet. Like the small-pox, and other common fevers, it is always in the country; but breaks out periodically in the hotter season of the year with peculiar force.

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Its ultimate causes are no more capable of being exactly traced, than those of any of the subtlest epidemical disenses. It displays itself at first in a violent inclination for bathing in the sea, or in some medicinal bath, or for drinking at the source of saline waters. This inclination haunts the mind which has once begun to feel its influence with a pertinacity which nothing can overcome. It has all the dangerous power of that longing with which the fair sex are in certain delicate situations liable to be affected. Or its power may be not unaptly compared to that with which the sting of the gadfly startles the ox, and drives him to seek refuge and cool himself in the pool. Or the comparison will perhaps hold still more nearly, if we should assimilate it to those feelings in *hydro-phobia*, under which the patient imagines to himself the delights of gushing springs, murmuring rills, and dashing waterfalls, and passionately longs to lave and drink.

The person once thus infected with the *hydro-mania*, soon becomes inexpressibly uneasy under it. It produces sometimes a languor, sometimes a restlessness, at times a peevishness, which unfits him for his usual labours, and renders every accustomed enjoyment for a time disgustful. To the fair sex, the symptoms are often more violent and oppressive. Nothing, but going to the watering-place for the season can now be thought of. The more the inclination is thwarted, so much the more does it rage. Body and mind are alike a prey to the distemper. And every difficulty must be at last overcome, which stands in the way of an excursion to Bath, Sidmouth, Weymouth, Brighthelmstone, Ramsgate, Margate, &c.

Suppose then every such difficulty happily overcome, and the patient fairly set down here. Does my lady drink the waters? Nothing less. Does she bathe? Not at all. But she gets up in time to meet the morning-sun, as he first breaks through the dawn? No; she lounges in bed 'till the very afternoon, as she did in town. She passes the evening and night at the ball, or at the card assembly. The waters she abhors, as if there were in her nature an irreconcileable antipathy to them. On the green turf she never sets a foot. You might as soon force a dog affected with the *hydro-phobia* to swallow that water, for the want of which he seems to perish, as persuade this good lady, or any other of the patients who are similarly touched with this disease, to take one of those amusements, refreshments, or means of invigorating the health and enlivening the mind, which a scene like this seems peculiarly adapted to afford. After living here in a manner so contrary to the conveniences of the scene, 'till they have lost or consumed all their money, or 'till there remain no companions of their folly, they then return to their wonted abodes, or wander

about to other watering-places; exclaiming against the odious dullness of those they have already visited; carrying still about with them the same *hydro-mania*, though now perhaps in a somewhat latent state in their veins; perhaps affecting to speak of joys and a renovation of health here, which they never knew; and prepared, after a short absence, to find that affectation change to a maniac imagination of health and joy to be here met, like the fancy which has been before often renovated in them, and as often disappointed.

Now, Sir, you might, at a first view, possibly think that by these sufferings under *hydro-mania*, the watering-places at least are possibly gainers. But alas! Sir, it is far otherwise. The waters, from their inability to cure this strangely capricious distemper, lose their merited reputation for other cures. It comes to be alleged—that going to watering-places is altogether folly—that to bathe in the waters; to quaff them in cooling draughts; to meet the early rays of the morning sun on contiguous fields; to eat of simple yet healthful fare with moderation; to abstain from excess in drinking; to take exercise as long as it enlivens and braces, but does not give excessive fatigue; to take due alternations of rest, and to learn to steep the senses in balmy sleep, from nine in the evening 'till five in the morning; that these, the true delights of a watering-place, are of no power to minister to the restoration of wasted health and spirits. It begins to be imagined, that a short intermission during summer from the wonted labours and diversions of the town, can be of no real benefit. Watering-places come to be regarded as fit haunts merely of *ennui* and idle pleasure. They lose their genuine charm; and they lose also that praise from which their prosperity first arose. Preserve to watering-places, and other places of summer retirement, their due character and just praise, you shall see them flourish much more than is possible by the casual expence of foolish luxury.

For the benefit of those who are infected with the unhappy disease in question, I should wish that physiologists and medical philosophers would enter deeply into the study of the *hydro-mania*. Is it not a particular species of the *hydro-phobia*, to which it bears so strong an analogy? And pray, might not some of the remedies which succeed in other cases of *mania* be applied for its cure?

I request you will recommend these things to public notice in your useful publication, which will oblige your's,

W. C.

ECCENTRICITY *of* SEAMEN.

THE following singular examination took place before the lord-mayor of London a few days since.

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A gigantic and eccentric Hibernian seaman, named Gough, who had been taken into custody by the peace officers, on Friday, for riotous conduct, breaking windows, and raising a mob opposite the East-India House, was brought up from the Poultry Compter, where he had been in durance, to answer for his conduct, and say what surety he could give to keep the peace, if he was now liberated. He answered, " The devil a peace he wanted to break at all at all, if the people who made such a noise about the peace would let him alone in peace and quietness, and not be insulting him, or making game of his country."

The magistrate told him he thought it would be better to let him remain where he was until Monday, when his temper would be less *ruffled*, and his mind more cool. To which he answered, " that the devil a *ruffle* he wished to wear on his temper, and as to coolness, he was as cool as a *cowcomer;* and no wonder for him to be cool, for the devil burn the bit he had eat, since he had the honour of seeing his lordship last, but bread and water.

The magistrate told him, he was still confident it would be better for him to remain a few days. To which he answered, " he hoped his honour did not mean to send him back to that shabby, hungry place where he was; for sure, he did not think, that a man, like him, could live upon three half-pence worth of bread in a day. All he wanted was to get clean linen; but if his worship would lend him a clean shirt, and send him a right sort of a dinner to-day and to-morrow, he had no objection to stay 'till Monday."

The magistrate then asked him, if he would go on board the Enterprize tender? To which he answered, " Sure he was there already, for a whole night, double ironed, handcuffed, and gagged, for only damning the king and government; and how could he help it, when a blackguard press-gang almost cut him to pieces, in the name of the king and government? He had no occasion to go on board the Enterprize, when he only wished to go into the service in a ship he knew, the Salvador del Mundo, at Plymouth, where he was well known to the officers. He had just come from India in a company's ship.

The magistrate told him, he was his friend, though, perhaps, he did not know it; and only wished to keep him out of harm's way. He looked like an honest fellow; and if he would promise not to get tipsey, or break any windows, or strike any person, but go directly out of town, he would liberate him.

To this he answered, " Very possible his worship might be his friend, though, to be sure, he had a d——d odd way of shewing it. Perhaps his worship was one of his own trade;

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he was a cabinet-maker *born*, and so was his father before him, and both were reared among the chips. If he had kept the *fifth commandment*, he need not be *there* now, nor any where else either: as to getting tipsey, devil a spoonful would he drink 'till he left town, if all the water in London was turned into liquor; nor a window would he break. His honour was pleased to say, he looked like an honest fellow. No wonder for him; for it was kind father for him to be an honest fellow, and God Almighty wrote it upon his forehead. But as to striking any body, he had more regard for his own health, for he was a *double-jointed man*, and if he struck any man a blow with his fist, he would knock the brains out of his head, *if he had any brains in it.*"

The magistrate, upon his solemn promise to be quiet and leave town immediately, ordered him to be discharged.

Remarkable History of a Duchess of Suffolk.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

THE following remarkable history of a noble personage, from whom one of the most illustrious of our dukes is lineally descended, is transmitted to you in the quaint but nervous language of Dr. Fuller.

" The sufferings of Katherine Dutchess of Suffolk, Baroness Willoughby of Eresby, late widow of Charles Brandon, duke of Suffolk, since wife to Richard Bertie, esq. must not be forgotten; a lady of a sharp wit, and sure hand to drive her wit home, and make it pierce, when she pleased. This made Bishop Gardiner to hate her much for her *jests* on him, but more for her *earnest* towards God, the sincerity of her religion; and thereupon she was forced, with her husband and infant-daughter, to fly beyond the seas.

" It would tire our pen to trace their removals, from their house (the Barbican in London) to Lion's-Key, thence to Leigh, thence over seas (being twice drived back again) into Brabant, thence to Santon, a city of Cleveland, thence to Frankford, thence (by many intermediate stages) into Poland. Every removal ministered them matters of new difficulties, to improve their patience; new dangers, to employ their prayers; and new deliverances, to admire God's providence. Especially in their passage from Santon to Wesel, in a cold February, and a great thaw, after a long frost, in a dark night, and rainy weather, through ways unknown, without guide to direct, or company to defend them, leaving certain *foes* behind, and having but suspected *friends* before them. The end of their journey was

worse than their journey itself, finding first at Wesel no inn to entertain them, able to speak little High Dutch for themselves, and other willing to speak in comfort to them. In a word, it would trouble one's head to invent more troubles than they had all at once; and it would break one's heart to undergo but half so many, seeing their real sufferings out-romanced the fictions of many errant adventurers.

"No English subject had like foreign relations with this lady, and yet they rather afflicted than befriended her. She had been wife to him who had been husband to a queen of France, yet durst not go into that country. By the confession of Bishop Gardiner himself, she and Queen Mary were the only English ladies of Spanish extraction and alliance; yet was it unsafe for her to stay in any part of the Spanish dominion. The emperor owed her (as executrix to her husband Duke Charles) great sums of money; yet durst she not demand payment, lest the *credetrix* should be made away, and so the debt satisfied.

"Yet an higher emperor, even God himself, seemed in some sort indebted unto her, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord;" for her bounty at home, in the height of her honour, to foreigners, protestants especially, in distress.

"And now that good debtor, God's providence, made full payment thereof by inciting the king of Poland, at the mediation of the palatine of Vilna (as he at the instance of John Baron Alasco, who formerly in England had tasted of this lady's liberality) to call this dutchess and her husband to a place in Poland, of safety, profit, credit, and command, where they comfortably continued 'till the death of Queen Mary. During these their travels, Peregrine Bertie (carrying his foreign nativity in his name) was born unto them, afterwards the valiant Lord Willoughby of Eresby. To example, conclude, let this virtuous lady her example, encourage all to be good to all godly in distress, seeing *hospes hodie, cras hospes*, the *entertainers* to-day, may want *entertainment* to-morrow*."

Your's, &c.

M. GREEN.

* Fuller's Church History, Book VIII. p. 38.

ANECDOTE *of* LORD NELSON.

THE late ever to be lamented Lord Viscount Nelson being on a visit at a friend's house in London, in the year 1801, immediately after his having accepted the post of second in command of the fleet ordered to the Baltic, desired his host

one

one evening to procure him from Faden's a chart of the Sound, &c. comprehending all that part of the coast contiguous to Copenhagen. This request being complied with, the gentleman, on the ensuing morning, on entering his library, found his lordship busily employed with his pencil and dividers, in tracing some figures on the chart in question; when the gentleman familiarly asked his lordship what he was employed about, and received the following answer: "You must know," said his lordship, "it forcibly strikes me, that this service, if required, will be executed by a detachment of the fleet; and that myself, as being second in command, will be entrusted with the execution of it; I am therefore arranging, in my own mind, the plan of the proposed attack; and I have been calculating the force requisite for the undertaking. I find I shall want twelve ships of the line, besides all the lighter vessels." It will be remembered, that the detachment put under his lordship's orders amounted exactly to that number; and that nothing but the accident which befel three of the ships, and which his lordship could not foresee or guard against, rendered it arduous and hazardous.

This anecdote, as relating to the previous study of a commanding officer in either branch of service, requires no application or comment.

IMPORTANT DECISION.

AT Stafford assizes, a cause came on, Rooker *v.* Newton, which is of considerable importance to trades-people. In January, 1804, the defendant inserted an advertisement in the public papers, that he would not pay debts of his wife's contracting; but as Mrs. Newton still resided in the house with her husband, and as some part of the goods (mercery) were used in his, the defendant's house, the plaintiff conceived defendant was liable, and brought an action to recover the amount of his bill, 14l. 4s. 1d. A part of this bill the defendant had before admitted to be due, for which, previous to the action, he had tendered seven guineas, and had subsequently paid that sum into court.

The learned judge said, that after such notice, a tradesman was highly blameable to give credit to the wife, which was the case here,) and that the wife being in the dwelling-house with her husband, made it highly so, as it could not be supposed that she was not provided with necessaries there.—The plaintiff was nonsuited.

TELEGRAPH.

CAPTAIN SMITH, at one time president of Virginia, and one of the most extraordinary men of his own or any other age, held a communication in the war with Turkey with a detachment of his own army in this manner:—First of all, three torches were shewn in a line equi-distant from each other, which were answered by others in the same manner. Then the message being written as briefly as possible, and the alphabet divided into two parts, the letters from A to L were signified by shewing and hiding *one* light as often as there are letters from A to that letter which you mean. The letters from M to Z by *two* lights in the same manner. The end of a word was signified by shewing *three* lights. At every letter the light stood, 'till the other party had time to write it down, and answer by his signal, which was one light.

A QUESTION, *by T. Bullock, of St. Columb.*

THREE jovial companions, A, B, and C, met together at an inn, and drank 'till their respective parts of expence curiously stood as follows: reckoning A.'s by sixpences, B.'s by two-pences, and C.'s by pence, the numbers were in a geometrical progression; the difference of A.'s and B.'s being 20, and of B.'s and C.'s 60. Hence each one's share of expence is required.

Answer, by R. Thomas, of Exeter, to S. L. Margary's Question, inserted March 24, 1806.

HERE we have the base and angles of a right angled, triangle, to find the perpendicular. Hence, as radius is to the base, so is tangent of complement of vertical angle to the height of the light-house, viz.

As radius 90°. 00	-	10. 00000
Is to base=324. 6	-	2. 51135
So is tangent ∠24°. 26′		9. 65736
		2. 16871

=147.5 feet, the height required.

☞ Similar answers have been received from a youth not 13 at Mr. Chivers's school at St. Austell; Triangularius of Evershot school; and R. Maffett, of Plymouth.

Answer, by B. Belcher, of East Stonehouse, to J. Matthews's Charade, inserted June 30.

I Plac'd the parts in order right,
MAIDSTONE, in Kent, then came in right.

*** Similar answers have been received from J. Salter, of Broadbembury; W. D. William Cross, and T. Davis, of Bristol; J. Badcock, of Mousehole; W. Varcoe, Mevagissey; a correspondent at Awliscombe; W. D. C. of Bridgewater; P. C. of Dean Prior; W. Pollard, of Egloshayle; Thomas Scadding, J. Butler, and T. Clarke, jun. of Wellington; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. A. Dyer, of Taunton; J. S. Jarvis, of Dartmouth; Castor, of Marazion; J. Whittle, of Upway; J. S. W. Commins, and H. Stoneman, of Exeter; T. Pitman, of Child Okeford; W. Mann of Ashburton; J. Rowden, jun. of Heytesbury; and J. Ryan, of Stonehouse.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to the Charade, inserted June 30.

THE parts, tho' obscure as is the night,
Shew BATSON, in Devon, if I judge right.

†*† We have received similar answers from William Cross, of Bristol; Castor, of Marazion; J. Matthews, and J. S. Jarvis, of Dartmouth; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; and W. Commins, of Exeter.

Answer, by J. Ryan, of Stonehouse, to W. Bickham's Rebus, inserted July 7.

YOUR first and second, join'd aright,
An ANTHEM they will bring to light.

‡†‡ The like answers have been received from W. Cross, and W. D. of Bristol; J. T. Symons, W. Commins, H. Stoneman, and J. S. of Exeter; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; T. Scadding, and J. Butler, of Wellington; Ann Dyer, of Manadon House; P. C. of Dean Prior; J. Lewis, of Poole; a correspondent of Honiton; J. Salter, of Broadbembury; G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; T. Pitman, of Child Okeford; B. Belcher, of Stonehouse; W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; J. Rowden, jun. of Heytesbury; Thomas Coumbe, of St. German's; M. P. Moyle; and Rusticus, of Awliscombe.

An ANAGRAM, *by Sophia, of Modbury.*

IF you, kind gents, a beast explore,
And right transpose the same;
What's near the sea—but, gents. no more,
For fear I tell its name;
Expunge a letter from the same,
And meramorphose right,
You'll see a fragrant flower's name
Brought instantly in sight

A CHARADE, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

MANKIND should all strive to repress
My first's commotions in their breast;
For should it o'er their reason gain,
'Twill be the source of grief and pain;
Now summer reigns, if you repair
To the alcove, or gay parterre;
Perchance my second, and my whole,
You may with pleasure now behold.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SWEET MARY *of* LISKEARD.

SINCE by despair benighted,
No gleam of hope I see,
Why should I gaze, delighted,
Sweet stranger-nymph, at thee?

Tho' looks in vain implore thee
My passion to regard,
In silence I'll adore thee,
Sweet Mary of Liskeard.

Enrich'd with such a blessing,
How happy should I prove!
In thee each charm possessing
Of virtue and of love.

But while such thoughts subdue me,
From every hope debarr'd,
'Tis madness thus to view thee,
Sweet Mary of Liskeard.

Farewell then, love! for ever!
I dare not linger here,
But with reluctance sever
From all my soul holds dear.

Oft as my thoughts recall thee,
May Heav'n thy footsteps guard!
And not one ill befall thee,
Sweet Mary of Liskeard.

X. Y. Z.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

PENITENTIAL STANZAS.

SOON must this mortal body fall
To fell disease—to death a prey!
With joy may I obey the call,
And soar to never-ending day!

The vain parade, the pride of life,
Redeeming God, let me despise!
Set me above that little strife
Which so attracts the worldly wise!

Thee only, only, would I know,
In this probationary scene:
From thy dear presence only flow
Joys everlastingly serene.

Oh! Son of God! my pray'r attend!
Oh! let me be for ever thine!
Restore me to my dearest friend—
To thyself, Saviour! Friend divine!

Without

Without thy aid, alas! I sink,
Oh! never, never, more to rise!
Already, lo! I touch the brink,
And dread perdition meets mine eyes!

Compose this agitated frame!
Inspire me with thy grace divine!
Kindle the high, extatic flame,
More animatedly to shine!

Oh let it shine divinely bright,
And purify my soul from sin!
Another life, with pure delight,
Oh let me, let me, now begin!

So at thy altar shall I kneel,
Inspir'd with gratitude and love;
And there that holy rapture feel,
Known to the ever-bless'd above.

Trent. B. A.

Epitaph, engraved on the Tombstone of the late Christopher Kelly Bellew, Esq. in the Abbey Church, Bath.

WHILE oft too partial, the sepulchral strain
Flows a fond tribute to the great and vain,
Let friendship's tear the meed to virtue pay,
Bellew! thy life shall justify the lay.
In liberal views, and letter'd ease refin'd,
True to his God, his country, and his kind;
With zeal he sought what moral stores supply'd,
And sound philophy to faith allied;
And tho' untimely death's dire mandate came,
When rich in knowledge, and when ripe for fame,
From life's lov'd scene submissive he retir'd,
And with a Christian's calmest hope expir'd.

SONNET, WRITTEN ABROAD.

BEHOLD the victim of the unpitying storm,
Clung to some rock's inhospitable steep;
Who muses death in fear's distempering form,
And oft times throws his eyes upon the deep,

With fruitless ken, to seek some friendly sail;
Who sees the waves invade his sad retreat,
And ev'ry surge, obedient to the gale,
Around his drooping form infuriate beat.

When to such woes the rays of morning rise,
And on a nearing sail emits her light;
Not with more transport beam the sufferer's eyes,
Not with more joy he mounts the vessel's height,

Than, Albion, would mine eye behold thy shore,
Than, dearest Ann, I'd hasten to thy door.

EPITAPH IN GUILDFORD CHURCH-YARD.

READER pass on, ne'er waste your time
On bad biography, and bitter rhyme;
For what I am, this cumb'rous clay insures,
And what I was, is no affair of your's.

For Page 721 turn forward four Leaves

and that her unabating attachment and sincere affection
so fully known, there can be no stronger acknow-
ledgement of his eminent perfections
and her heartfelt grief.
The meek Christian adorned with perfect faith,
the virtuous man accompanied by good works, relied, through
divine mediation, with humble hope in the
mercy of his God.
The resigned Christian submits with pious faith to the
will of her God, and trusts through
the same intercession, with brightest hope of
lasting re-union in eternal bliss.

"In the spirit of this attachment, (says Mr. Pratt) she has acted ever since the era of her loss to the present hour, and will probably continue so to deport herself to the latest of her life, at least while the power is given her to walk, or to be conveyed to the sacred spot where she has enshrined her heart. Lady Dacre has been in the practice of visiting the grave of her husband ever since the time of his burial, in truth, almost daily. As she chiefly resides at her villa in this parish, the precincts of the tomb are kept sacred from every profanity, both of accident or malicious design—indeed from the elements of heaven, which she will literally not suffer to visit the grave too roughly.

"While I was making these remarks with my pencil, I observed the lady who had called them forth, coming towards the church-yard with hasty and anxious steps, which, on perceiving I was seated on the stile she directed to a small gate, and found it locked, and seemed much disappointed. Unwilling to interrupt her pious purpose, I quitted the stile; when, bending in acknowledgement, she passed into the church-yard, but was again diverted from her purpose. A party of people, it being Sunday, were hasting to the tomb, in order to read as I had done, the inscription. The throng increasing, by the entrance of some additional company, her ladyship went back into the road, where she remained walking backwards and forwards, in view of the church-yard, 'till the intruders had left it, when, returning to the spot from which she had been so long withheld, she redoubled her attention, and I saw her, while I stood aloof, (myself unseen) kneel in reverence at the foot of the grave. After remaining some time, I presume in prayer, she went back to the villa, where in his life time she had so long been blessed in the society of him whose loss she now bewails.

"Such are the matin and vesper, if not likewise the midnight homages, of her affianced heart. Yet certain singularities of dress and of manner, with the yet greater singularity of an at-

tachment so long faithful to the ashes of its object, and perhaps a barbed regret in her bosom that makes her inattentive to, if it does not even absorb all thought or care of the world's usages, have brought on her, I understand, much of that wild conjecture, malign interpretation, and unseemly ridicule, which are always attendant upon every one who deviates from the ordinary ceremonies of life. Hallowed be the tender and generous fortitude, and sacred be the pious griefs that are superior to, and that resist all the ribald jests and insults that a reverence for natural impression induces! And as to the mourner who gave occasion to these remarks, if there be any person disposed to scoff at or disbelieve the faithful sentiment that has long conducted her to the place where most things are forgotten—to the mansions of the dead—let them condescend to imitate her bounty to the living; let their characters emulate her's; and, if by the kinder allotment of providence (if we dare call it kinder) they have no relative or friend in the grave to lament; if they have none of her misery, let them be animated by the spirit of her benevolence. In this there can be no mockery: it is an active spirit that literally goes about to do good: of which as it is no less difficult to make the doubters of sorrow and of the affection on which it is founded believe that it can continue its duties, after its object has been long mingled with the dust, in the manner in which they are cherished by Lady Dacre, than to credit that benevolence may be as powerful as love, even in a bosom where sorrow has established a throne, let the whole neighbourhood of Lee, lend vigour to their faith, even if it cannot animate their virtue.

"The veneration paid by this lady to the memory of her departed lord was conspicuous in the most common incidents of life. She never sat down to dinner without having the chair, in which he used to sit, placed at the head of the table with a plate, knife, fork, &c. nay so strong was her attachment to every object which recalled him to her mind, that she altered all those articles of his apparel which were capable of being converted to her own use, and was in the constant habit of wearing them. Her figure was tall and masculine, she generally appeared in a riding habit and man's hat, and while in health took a great deal of exercise either on horseback or on foot in the neighbourhood of Lee. Her charity and attention to the poor in that village, whom she frequently visited and supplied with the comforts of life, are not less honourable to her character than her almost unexampled conjugal attachment."

Account

Account of a Blue Macaw, the Property of Dr. Thornton, of Hind-street, Manchester-square.

THE *psittacus*, or parrot, is a very numerous genus, of which there are upwards of 140 species. They are inhabitants of warm climates. When young, they are very docile; and, owing to their blunt tongue, imitate easily the human voice. The bill in this genus is hooked, and, what is peculiar, the upper mandible is moveable, as well as the lower. The feet are formed for climbing, having a longer and shorter toe.

The macaw is one of this genus, and the largest and most beautiful of the parrot tribe. They are of two kinds, the red and blue. The tail is composed of two long feathers, in the centre, one of these yellow, the other blue, falling underneath: these are about two feet in length, and have on each side four proportionate blue feathers. The wings and back are blue, and the breast and all underneath of a fine yellow. Both mandibles are black. The cheeks are naked, with whiskers of small feathers, four underneath the eye, and five above. This bird is about a yard in length. They use the claw as a hand; and in holding employ three toes, a long one, and the two shorter before, using one of them as a thumb. They live in palm woods, feed upon fruits and seeds, pair, the male and female by turns sit upon their eggs and feed their young. Flocks containing hundreds of them are often seen flying in the air, and, reflecting the sun's light, they seem like clouds of blue and gold, and present to the ravished eye the most beautiful and brilliant sight. They attain the age of from 130 to 200 years.

To descend to the present macaw.—He was for many years in servitude at Mr. Brooks's menagerie in the Haymarket. Like the other birds of that species, he was chained by the leg by a short chain to his perch, defended by tin, and fed upon scalded bread. Here he learned to imitate the cackling of fowls, barking of dogs, his exhibitors, and other inhuman sounds.

Dr. Thornton bought him for fifteen guineas to grace his museum, or botanical exhibition. When in a confined room in Bond-street, he made the screaming noises so offensive in this tribe. He seemed sulky and unhappy. Being brought to the doctor's house, his botanical exhibition being closed, the doctor, from motives of humanity, and for experiment, took away the chain that confined him to his perch. His feet were so cramped, and the muscles weakened from long disuse, that he could not walk. He tottered at every step, and appeared in a few minutes only greatly fatigued. In order that he might not clamber by his feet and bill down the upright pole supporting his perch at a right angle, a double stand was made as with flowers, and this serves as a parapet-wall, which prevents his

coming farther. His liberated feet soon acquired uncommon agility; his plumage grew more resplendent; and he became completely happy. No longer he indulged in screams of discontent, and all his gestures denoted gratitude. His food was now changed, and he breakfasts with the family, having toast and butter, or bread and butter; and dines upon potatoes, hard dumplings, with fruit occasionally after dinner. Like other parrots, he never drinks. His smell is uncommonly quick. He marks the time of meals by a continued agitation of the wings, and running up and down the pole, and a pleasing note of request.

When he receives his food, he half opens his wings, contracts the pupils of his eyes, and utters a pleasing note of thankfulness. If he gets what he is not very fond of, he takes it in his left leg, and having fed on it, throws it down; but if the food be nice and abundant, he carefully conveys it to his tin reservoir, and leaves for another repast what he cannot eat in this. He soon forgot his barbarous sounds, and now imitates words, and for hours together amuses himself in saying—"Poll," "Macaw," "Turn him out," "Pretty fellow," "Saucy fellow," "What's o'clock," laughing, and calling out the names of the doctor's children. If any is hurt, he gives the first alarm; nor does he desist until they are attended to. The doctor's son, observing the sagacity of this bird, undertook to instruct him. He taught him, at word of command, to descend from his perch, and stand upon his finger; then, by another order, he turns himself downwards, and hangs upon the fore-finger by one foot, although the body is swung about with much violence. Being next asked how a certain person should be served, the spectator attends an answer, but the bird, by his bill, is pendent on the finger, and has all the appearance of one hanging. At desire he extends his wings and shews their beauty. He next fans the spectator; and being put upon the ground, walks backward as readily as forward, with his two toes in front and two behind. He then clambers like a sailor up the mizen, and with his two open mandibles embraces his perch, which is nearly two inches in thickness. Placed there, he is asked, if a certain gentleman was to come here, how he would serve him? he shakes his head several times, raises his wings, erects all his feathers, opens his mouth, catches hold of the finger, and, seemingly in earnest, keeps on biting, as though he would take it off, opposing every resistance, and when he liberates the finger, utters a scream. He is then asked how he would serve his master?—when he gently bites the finger, and caresses it with his beak and tongue, and holds his head down, as expecting it to be scratched. Nor is this all. Being given a nut on his stand below, he mounts the upright stick, and the nut somehow disappears. He then, at word of command,

presents

presents it to the company, holds it in his paw, and cracks it. The nut was bid under the tongue, in the hollow of the under mandible. Given a peach-stone, he finds out its natural division, and after many efforts opens it for the kernel. When any nuts are presented him, he is in one universal agitation; and he has so much sagacity, that without cracking, when he takes up a bad nut, he very indignantly throws it on the ground. He is remarkably fond of music, and with motions of his feet along the perch, movement of his wings, and his head moving backwards and forwards, he dances to all lively tunes, and keeps exact time. If any person sings in wrong measure, he quickly desists, and begins to another, whose ear keeps tune.

He is very friendly to strangers, puts on a terrific appearance towards children for fear of injury, and is very jealous of infants. In rainy weather the blue features look green, and also in clear weather when there are vapours in the sky: hence he is an admirable weather-gage. What proves a peculiar sagacity in his imitations is, that these he effects sometimes without his voice; for instance, there is a scissars-grinder who comes into the street where the bird is every Friday. All the parrots have a file in the inside of the upper mandible, with which they grind down their under-bill, and in this they are employed for an hour every evening. This sound people usually mistake for snoring. This scraping was attempted, but the nice ear marked the difference, and he had recourse to his claws, which he struck against the perch armed with tin, and observing the time of the turning of the wheel, he effected a most exact imitation, which he repeats every Friday. Sometimes the child's pap would be taken to the window and beaten with the spoon: this he would immediately imitate, by striking his broad bill against the sides of his perch.

The light of candles awakens him, and he will then dance, and discriminate persons; but presented with sugar, or any food, he often misses it. He often then will invite to be held upon the hands to flutter his wings; but he seems to have no inclination to fly, and appears perfectly happy in the partial liberty he enjoys.

N.

GARDENS *of the* EMPEROR *of* CHINA.

[Extract from the Journal of Lord Macartney, published by Mr. Barrow, in his Travels in China.]

THE emperor having been informed that, in the course of our travels in China, we had shewn a strong desire of seeing

seeing every thing curious and interesting, was pleased to give directions to the first minister to shew us his park, or garden, at Gehol. It is called in Chinese Van-Shoo-Yuen, or Paradise of Ten Thousand Trees. In order to have this gratification, (which is considered as an instance of uncommon favour), we rose this morning at three o'clock, and went to the palace, where we waited, mixed with all the great officers of state, for three hours, (such is the etiquette of the place), 'till the emperor's appearance. At last he came forth, borne in the usual manner by sixteen persons on a high open palankeen, attended by guards, music, standards, and umbrellas without number; and observing us, as we stood in the front line, graciously beckoned us to approach: having ordered his people to stop, he entered into conversation with us, and, with great affability of manner, told us that he was on his way to the pagoda, where he usually paid his morning devotions; that as we professed a different religion from his, he would not ask us to accompany him, but that he had ordered his first minister and chief colaos to conduct us through his garden, and shew us whatever we were desirous of seeing there.

Having expressed my sense of this mark of his condescension in the proper manner, and my increasing admiration of every thing I had yet observed at Gehol, I retired, and, whilst he proceeded to his adorations at the pagoda, I accompanied the ministers and other great colaos of the court, to a pavilion prepared for us, from whence, after a short collation, we set out on horseback to view this wonderful garden. We rode about three miles through a beautiful park, kept in the highest order, and much resembling the approach to Luton, in Bedfordshire—the grounds gently undulating, and chequered with various groupes of well-contrasted trees in the offskip. As we moved onward, an extensive lake appeared before us, the extremities of which seemed to lose themselves in distance and obscurity. Here was a large and magnificent yacht ready to receive us, and a number of smaller ones for the attendants, elegantly fitted up, and adorned with numberless vanes, pendants, and streamers. The shores of the lake have all the varieties of shape which the fancy of a painter can delineate, and are so broken with projections, that almost every stroke of the oars brought a new and unexpected object to our view. Nor are islands wanting, but they are situated only where they should be, each in its proper place, and having its proper character; one marked by a pagoda, or other building, one quite destitute of ornament, some smooth and level, some steep and uneven, and others frowning with wood or smiling with culture. Where any thing particularly interesting was to be seen we disembarked from time to time to visit them, and I dare say, that in the course of our voyage we stopped at forty or fifty different places or pavilions. These are all furnished in the richest

manner with pictures of the emperor's huntings and progresses, with stupendous vases of jasper and agate, with the finest porcelain and japan, and with every kind of European toy and sing-songs; with spheres, orreries, clocks, and musical automatons of such exquisite workmanship, and in such profusion, that our presents must shrink from the comparison, and hide their "diminished heads?" And yet I am told, that the fine things we have seen are far exceeded by others of the same kind in the apartments of the ladies, and in the European repository at Yuen-Min-Yuen. In every one of the pavilions was a throne, or imperial state, and a jeu-jou, or symbol of peace and prosperity, placed at one side of it, resembling that which the emperor delivered to me, yesterday, for the king.

It would be an endless task, were I to attempt a detail of all the wonders of this charming place. There is no beauty of distribution, no feature of amenity, no reach of fancy, which embellishes our pleasure-grounds in England, that is not to be found here. Had China been accessible to Mr. Brown, or Mr. Hamilton, I should have sworn they had drawn their happiest ideas from the rich sources which I have tasted this day; for in the course of a few hours I have enjoyed such vicissitudes of rural delight, as I did not conceive could be felt out of England; being, at different moments, enchanted by scenes perfectly similar to those I had known there, to the magnificence of Stowe, the softer beauties of Wooburn, and the fairy land of Paine's Hill.

One thing I was particularly struck with: I mean the happy choice of situation for ornamental buildings. From attention to this circumstance, they have not the air of being crowded or disproportioned: they never intrude upon the eye; but whenever they appear always shew themselves to advantage, and aid, improve, and enliven the prospect.

In many places the lake is overspread with the *nenuphar*, or lotus *(nelumbium)* resembling our broad-leafed water-lily. This is an accompaniment which, though the Chinese are passionately fond of cultivating it in all their piecees of water, I confess I do not much admire. Artificial rocks and ponds with gold and silver fish, are perhaps, too often introduced, and the monstrous porcelain figures of lions and tygers, usually placed before the pavilions, are displeasing to an European eye; but these are trifles of no great movement, and I am astonished that now, after a six hours critical survey of these gardens, I can scarcely recollect any thing besides to find fault with.

IMPERIAL

IMPERIAL LIBRARY *at* VIENNA.

THE imperial library at Vienna is one of the first in Europe. It contains, besides some fine statues in marble, and a very large collection of prints, about 300,000 volumes, and from 12 to 14,000 of the rarest manuscripts. In the cabinet of manuscripts there is an itinerary chart of the antient world, by Peutinger; a Mexican manuscript, in coloured characters, quite unique in its kind, written upon human skin; a manuscript of Livy, of the 5th century; a number of Chinese manuscripts; a small Koran, upon vellum, taken from a Turk by Prince Eugene; a senatus consultum respecting the bacchanals, issued in the year 186, before Christ, in the original upon bronze. This piece is referred to by Livy in the 9th book of the 4th decade, and was found in Calabria, at the house of Prince Cigalar. To these may be added a fragment of the gospel of St. Mark and St. Luke, written in characters of gold and silver. Seven thousand volumes, printed before the year 1500, form one of the most striking curiosities of this magnificent collection. Among these is the first psalter ever printed in moveable characters. It is upon vellum, by Faust, at Mayence, 1457. "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis," bought at the sale of the duke de la Valaise, without date, and printed upon wood. No other copy exists. A Gothic Virgil, by Mentelin, at Strasburgh. A Julius Cæsar, printed on vellum, at Rome, 1469, in perfect preservation. Caii Valerii Flacci Argonauticum Liber, Boulogna, 1474. Marci Mantii Poeta Opera, Boulogna, 1474. A Bible printed at Mayence, by Faust, 1642. A German Bible printed at Strasburgh, by Mentelin, 1466. A Mazarine Bible, in beautiful preservation, upon paper, 1455. The imperial library is open to the public every forenoon, except Sundays, and any person may go there either to read or to make extracts, in a room adjoining, which is fitted up for the purpose.

The cabinet of medals, coins, and intaglios, is one of the most complete existing. It contains no less than 24,000 antique medals, among which are perfect sets of the consuls and emperors. And the cabinet of natural history, besides an admirable collection of stones, shells, petrifactions, and minerals, is enriched by 69 pictures of antique mosaic, or of mosaic composed of precious stones.

ANTICIPATION REBUKED.

THE late Lord Avonmore, although a man of distinguished talents, was too apt, from a hasty disposition, to anticipate the tendency of an argument. A celebrated lawyer, whose client

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